The Don Professor's Specimen.

were in the outlaw's band? How far could it be to Cienfuegos, to Trinidad, to Guines, to Havana? Would Juanita

spare him some of her specimens? Were

there strange and peculiar beasts, reptiles, insects, birds and flora near the camp? Indeed, would not Matagas permit him to

pack his panniers that his host might

enjoy a view of his splendid specimens

there, at once? These and countless other

questions fell garrulously from the pro-

Many were deftiy parried; some were answered unhesitatingly; others were silently tolerated; until with a kindly

shrug of his shoulders, as though the old don's childish simplicity and endless con-

templation of his single life aim had put

of other men's measurement, he bade the absorbed scientist a kindly "Bueno

There in the firelight a moment later,

he could have been seen explaining it all

to Tomasa and Juanita; tapping his shag-gy head singnificantly; making many mer-

y and derisive gestures toward Juanita's

bird cages, his stout sides shaking with laughter; while old Tomasa's face slowly

changed from merriment to something akin to passive reflection; and the face of

the girl beside her, at first as mirthful as her mother's, settled gradually into a grave glowing look of indefinable hunger and

desire that had never before touched it

in her whole wildwood life.

The professor's elevated bunk, laid with

the silvery-white and downy lengua de

vaca grass, was where he had an almost

unobstructed view, through an aperture in the palmetto side of the cabin, of the

his scientific store, the strange scene be-fore him, what the outlaw had with per-

must himself have known, could not but give a marvelous interest to his surround-

Here were hundreds of families living

n the forest in true communistic manner.

nated and mercilers Spanish law, had

brought them all together. The endless heart-sob of Cuba for freedom, ever strangled by Spanish tryanny, ending

again and again in uprisings, revolution butchery and despair, was their one tie of brotherhood. Carboneros and labra-

dors, charcoal-burners and wood-choppers,

countless and almost inaccessible Cuban

at their head who terrorized only Spanish

hirelings, and those most through the frenzy of their own guilty fear; but all living lives of Arcadian peace and simplicity, until anew should be raised that glorious standard of white and blue and

red, gemmed with a single star, which had waved such terror to Spaniards over the blood-swept fields of Camaguay.

own, or knew.

All this is what the professor could have

As it was still early evening, what he

tar, the tremulous notes of the bandur-ria, the chiming twang of the mandolin,

accompaniment to Cuban songs of love, of daring, and of war. Now and then these

rose to startling choruses among the huts and far out beyond, where the night-

watches were busy at the smoldering

At last the spell of the melody brought

them all together before Matagas' hut, There these half-wild, happy-hearted men

There these half-wild, happy-hearted men and women, big-eyed and half-naked muchachos and ninas, loutish guardabos-queros and coquettish maidens, danced upon the grimy, smooth-worn earth such hilarious zapateos, such outlandish Habaneras, and such grotesque fandangoes, as would have caused even a plaster Spanish saint to wink and so deserthe.

eyes that he turned them with a sigh to-

ward the glowing stars pulsing in their tropic fires above; and then fell softly to his slumbers, wherein he was haunted by swarthy forms, huge machetes and one

deep-forest beauty's face, starred round-about with marvelous specimens and un-

known birds, throughout the livelong sum-

Don Eduardo slept late into the morn-ing. When he awoke and had partaken of the fruit and food placed beside him, he

the fruit and food placed beside him, he found the carboneros' camp droning along peacefully in its every-day aspect. His precious panniers were safe. No harm had befallen him. The weird experiences of the previous night seemed like half-caught memories of some fantastic dream. Yet there were the burning charcoal pyres. Tethered not far distant stood his faithful donkey. Faint and distant thus.

faithful donkey. Faint and distant thud-dings, like the proud boomings of the prairie fowl in northern frosty spring-

prairie fowl in northern frosty spring-time mornings, told of the wood-chop-pers' steady toll. Women and children were carrying tree-limbs and stacking them in pyramidal piles. Ninas and maid-ens were going and coming between cab-ins and mountain-side fountains. Wise old Tomasa stood beside he* hut-door, strip-

Tomasa stood beside ner nut-doct, straping some cocoa leaves and roots which with delicious chicharones or pork-scraps were to serve for the coming meal; and out there at the camp-edge was Matagas, still bareheaded and barefooted, moving with fine strong tread toward an almost completed review with an exteem's load

completed pyre, with an ox-team's load of timbers upon his splendid shoulders and head.

for Juanta and her birds. And where is the pen to trace that subtler instinct of human sympathy and human emulation, which, long before the don had arisen, had prompted this wild thing of the camp to gather together her cages and birds, and set out fleetly with flame in her cheeks and a thrill on her tongue, to the llanes and sunless words?

saint to wink, and so dazed the old

and the sharp click of castanets,

was the tuneful thrum of the gui-

forests, mountain forests surely inacce

they were now, here and there in

now and then a daring fellow like Ma

Their common outlawry, in the eyes

feet frankness disclosed, and what

and took his way to his own

ilm cuite outside the metes and bo

fessor's ready lips.

little hut.

"La paz de Dios sea en esta casa!" (The peace of God be upon your house!) "Y venga con voz!" (Come you with

The little gray old man who had uttered the invocation, and the little gray old donkey beneath him, were sorry looking objects in the wondrous summernight moonlight which poured through the rifts of the glant forest trees, there in the almost unknown mountain district of southern Cuba.

The very radiance of the moonlight added years in appearance to the moonight ad-face of the rider, despite his deep and almost sparkling black eyes. It silvered the white of his hair, the gray of his travel-stained clothing and ponderous patched panniers; while what little of the patched panniers; while what fittle of the shagy hair of his donkey, whose head was already touching the ground with slumberous intent, could be seen, took on the same weird and spectral appear-

Stranger still in the moonlight was the stranger star in the mooningst was the figure confronting them. It was of a bareheaded and barefooted man, clothed in blackened linen and the skins of wild beasts. He was almost a giant in height, huge of frame, and his great round head, curlously hearined. Was nearly course. curiously begrimed, was nearly covered with a wiry beard, and shocky, glossy,

Though his left hand was extended with a gesture of friendliness, in his right was grasped a Cuban machete at least three feet in length, whose two-edged blade was broad as the owner's tremendous paim. The arm that held this savage weapon was mighty and corded, and the timorous rider suddenly reflected that, despite the man's hearty welcome, this arm and blade could in a twinkling sever his own and donkey's head, at one

"Hagame el favor de comido y refugiar?"
(May I crave food and shelter) asked the rider in a quavering tone of supplica-

(Dismount and receive both!) responded the in movable figure with the machete.

The little old man was not yet sure of his strange host. He looked anxiously about him upon the blinking night fires of a weird and unaccountable camp. He seemed about to turn and plunge down the torturous way he had come. Then with a glance at his jaded beast, he began, without dismounting, and as if completely distraught, a stream of personal ex-planations in a most lugubrious and dis-heartened tone of voice.

Good sir, I am Don Eduardo Gonzales -Professor Gonzales, of the Royal University of Havana. I am sometimes known among my fellows as a—a naturalist. More often I am known," he concluded as if recollecting his present forsaw the man before him was grinning broadly, "by the merry youth of Havana, as a foolish old ass. They are right, sir; they are right. I am completely lost, and without your generous aid I shall never return alive to dear Havana with these priceless specimens." lorn and helpless condition, and as he

riceless specimens;"
The little old man here broke down en-The little old man here broke down en-tirely, and after affectionately and whim-peringly patting the ragged panniers, wiped a tear or two from his dusty eyes, gave his donkey a vicious dig with his heel, as though that patient animal were the cause of all his misfortunes; and turned to the huge forester with an air of supreme resignation, which plainly of supreme resignation, which plainly said: "Professor or ass, my race is run. I am ready for food and shelter, or drawing and quartering at once. Whichever it is to be, make no delay!"
"A sad history!" said the forester still

smfling. "I am also feared and hated by some; called a fool by others. But I am free and happy here in the mountains with my comrades; while you-Bien!—caramba!—you are still a slave!"

Don Eduardo drew himself up as haugh-tily as his sore limbs would permit, but the other continued, scarcely noticing the unconscious assertion of professional dig-nity, as he threw the panniers over his arm and began leading the donkey and its rider into camp, "You have heard of

"Jesu!-Maria! You are not Matagas,

"Si, si, senor; none other."

The old don trembled violently, and would have fallen to the ground had not Matagas supported him.

"And worth, that is, my head is worth, then the supported him."

twenty thousand pesos to any one who will present it safely with his compliments to his Excellency, Governor General Sabas Marin."

ments to his Excellency, Governor General Sabas Marin."

The professor groaned outright.

"Have no fear; have no fear. We are all honest carboneros here;" continued Matagas soothingly. "Look there beside that choza. Do you see? There is my wife. Tomasa. There is my daughter, good-for-nothing, bird-catching Juanita."

Reassured, the don peered sharply among the camp fires and huts. He saw a yellow old crone dozing in the shadow of a hut-door, and a beautiful girl of splendid statue sitting beside her, softly thrumming a guitar, while a score of strange birds fiew in and out of rude willow cages, hanging against a near tree-trunk, now and then poising and tilting about her head, her arms and face. Fear instantly departed from the old don's face, and his dark eyes lighted sforiously.

"Bix—soven—nine!" he broke forth in almost boyish glee, "and not one in my collection!"

Matagus turned quickly and almost sav-

and head.

"A strange bandits' stronghold," thought the don, "where on every hand are serious labor and sturdy love."

Ah, the witchery of that last word! Why did this weazened scientist, the instant it escaped his lips, as if with some swift and subtle sympathy of relevancy, let his eyes eagerly sweep the camp-side for Juanita and her birds? And where is the pen to trace that subtler instinct Matagus turned quickly and almost sav-agely, but observing the naturalist's eyes alone gloating upon the twittering buds, he smiled again and modding his head a little, said sadly and ruminatively. "Yes, yes. I understand it somewhat. I was yes. I understand it somewhat. I was once in the Reyal University;" and then, to the don, "You see you are safe us as in your own bed. Even Mat-could not harm a guest where these

igas could not harm a guest where these are, Don Eduardo?"
"No, no, no!" responded the professor mpetuously, as though the outlaw thought mly of the birds, and alighting from his lankey with youthful aluerity. "I pray ou take me at once to Juania and the lease."

in her cheeks and a thrill on her tongue, to the llanos and sunless woods?

It was a lonely day for the old don. He fretfully pothered with a few mountain insects; passed in impatience the wondrous mountain ferns; petulantly examined the rare and almost unknown virgin woods about him; and was scarcely even scientifically interested in a huge maja, most hideous and harmless of Cuban reptiles, which Jose, a metiacs wood-chopper, of stealthy Indian blood, had victoriously brought to camp, sending its women shrieking to their huts for their amulets and their beads.

Even the long mid-day stesta failed to

anana!—manana! To-morrow, senor.
its and the birds will wait. You shall have food and rest."
a few moments more a mestizes at call of histages had tethered and fed denkey, and Matages had conducted professor to a comfortable hut.
or and wine were first brought, and some substantial food. As the don mously began his meal, the outlaw ted to withdraw; but his guest, now the genial influence of wine and unities hospitality was upon him, beganish patronisingly to remain.

soothe him. As the shadows began to lengthen among the open rifts of the sweet and loving companion in every his sweet and loving companion in the fall him sweat call him entirely. The main into the shadow her head taken. Jose sweet and loving companion in the pass fall him entirely. The main into the shadow he head taken. Jose sweet and loving companion to his sweat and lov

cle above her head, most pathetically sug-gestive of the quick, wild flight of the birds; and, as her face was lowered for another vengeful scourging of Jose, her eyes met those of the professor. Sombrero in hand—gallant caballero

that he was!-stood at the edge of the opening as if in an ecstatic trance of rap-

turous wonder and admiration.
"By all the saints, Donna Juanita," burst forth the professor when his tongue had loosened, and rapidly advancing to-ward the girl with outstretched hands, "you are a wizard! But make me know these wondrous secrets, and I am your

slave forever! Something must be allowed for the old don's boundless enthusiasm; something for the flowery exuberance of Spanish adulation; something for a scene which tru-ly thrilled the old naturalist with visions of professional acquisiton and triumph; and something still for the perfect savage innocence of the girl who formed the cen-tral figure, and the equally childish inno-cence of the little old man who had never until this moment given any human being deeper thought or better place than musty Latin classification and label.
But there and then in the wildest wilds

of Cuba this shrivelled old classic, despite the scowls of Jose, strode straight to the girl, grasped her hands joyously, saluted her with a stately kiss upon her bared head; and then, as if instantly ob-livious of girl, of Indian and of all the wide universe about him, fluttered around those cages as tenderly and tremulously as the bride of an hour will fondle and croodle her priceless wedding ring.

Thus, pirouetting and fluttering, halt-ing and starting, wheeling and circling, this white old owl of the city schools this bird of bright plumage of the carboneros' huts, and this Indian hawk of the jungles and the forests, made their

way to the camp.

And Juanita had never been called "Donna" before. Perhaps it was this one magical word that proved the professor's open sesame to deeper secrets than even Juanita's most wondrous woodcraft wiles!

From this moment there was no reserve between the naturalist of the schools and the naturalist of the woods. The professor was Matagas' guest, and none could question his coming and going. Juanita was Matagas' daughter. She went and came at will, more feared than loved even by Matagas himself for her strange nacarboneros' picturesque camp. If he re-flected upon aught besides the wonderful promise his situation gave of increasing re-craft and secret power over reptile, bird, and beast

"Two crazy children together!" Matagas would say with a grave smile to old Tomasa, as the professor and Juanita set out each morning to the llanos, the jungles, and the forests; but Tomasa, so many other women past the glorious heyday morn of life, and now transformed to a bird of ill-omen, would merely sniftle and groan, and ruefully shake her prophetic head,

phetic head.

The professor, as pack-mule pannier-laden, for carrying their spoils, and Jannia, armed with short machete and dexterously-wrought guiebrahaca club, slender as an arrow, and with a knobbed head, the whole as heavy and as strong as iron, were continually in transports; scholasticism for the once standing joyfully agape before simple nature wit; while Juanita, child of nature that she was, had never until now quaffed that sweetest of intoxicants, the cestacy of revelation to one who hungers and who

In the mighty forests she disclosed to her companion the marvels of the virgin woods, and taught him volumes never ound in books: Of the gulehabraca toughest of all woods, hard as horn, last ing as Iron, deadly as flint in bandit battle; of the lordly almiqui, statelier and more crimson in fibre than the noble reliwood of the West; of cedars tre-mendous in size and height, past all re-cord of the books; of the caobas, almost touching the clouds, and twelve times her reach from finger-tips to finger-tips In circumference; of the mantequeros with its March drifts of blossoms, like millions of snowy camellias, whose drows ing oder left the wood-chopper's arm list less at his side; of the silvery gueso, the "bone-wood" of the Cuban oxen-yokes; of the sabina, or sandal-wood, whose fragrance fills countless lingeric closets in all the zone of homes; of the palma de manacd, whose broad leaves form the ears without renewal; of the majestle laurel and royal palm; and of the cocoa, mystic and lone, with the tropic breezes ever chanting and soughing among its

sky-piercing, pinnate leaves.

Continuing in her endless surprises, she would fling her machete into the trunk would fling her machete into the trunk of a beautiful tree, the carne de doncella. Dexterously withdrawing the blade, i edges and point would drip as if wi blood; when she would gleefully shout; "Mira!-le sangre de Doncella!" (See!-the blood of the Virgin!) while the professor, long since at the end of verbal ad-ulation, could only gasp and gesticulate his praises and delight.

in their far pilgrimings they lacked

Motioning the don aside, she would glide noiselessly into the forest depths. Shortly her companion would hear a soft "Che-ipa-lee! Che-lp-a-dee!-Che-lp! che-lp! che-lp!"

Rustling and chattering would always

follow. In an instant more the glowing faced girl would bound back to the don with a fat, squirrel-like huita dangling from her upraised land.

So, too, her seductive luring of the wild piecens was astounding to Don Eduardo. With her two hands she first made loud, when lands she first made loud, sharp clappings, gradually softening these to a perfect imitation of the wing-flapping of homing wild fowl. This would be fol-lowed by her vocal call so like that of a wild pigeon, that one seemed really nest-ling there above their heads. To these would come low, half-doubting answers from the interlacing branches of the trees Again the tremulous voice call of the girl and the scurrying and rustling of the de-luded birds, when Juanita with out reaching head and lightful eyes would walk straight to the covert and return with the charmed pigeons poising and trembling upon her head, shoulder or hand.

Acain, if they were athirst, she would lead the professor like a helpless child to the mighty stems of the parra cimarona, or wild grape, which like weird Moorish fret-work was interwoven between earth and overhanging braffiches beneath a score of stately trees.
"Here is Aaron's rod!" she would laugh-

"Here is Aaron's rod!" she would laughingly exclaim, as she fondled the blade of
the machet. "I will give you to drink!"
With one stroke the huge, knotty trunk
would be severed, and from the mouth of
the hanging tube they would drink their
fill of the winey, refreshing sap.
In this idylic way passed the days and
weeks of summer. Every sunlit hour
brought the professor some new and preclous specimen, not only from deen woods.

brought the professor some new and pre-clous specimen, not only from deep woods and mountain fastnesses, but from the valley edges below, where war had blast-ed vales of peace, an unkempt parnarosas, granadillas and countless tropical shrubs and flowers still grew in rank profusion beside the ruins of ancient plantation homes; for here a host of singing birds which loved the haunts of men still came with plaintive, mournful songs.

which loved the haunts of men sun which plaintive, mournful songs.

Don Eduardo had made several attempts at departure. His donkey had fattened upon the campside fare. His panniers were overflowing with specimens. Every one had pressed him to remain, save Tom-

framed, sunny-hearted outlaw, Matagas Suddenly Juanita, machete at her and guiebrahace stick in hand, stood t beside them.

The don shall not return by Clentus gos;" said the girl quietly. "I will show him our secret path over the mountains to Guines.' "Good!" answered Matagas hearths

will not reveal it. And so the outlaw and the naturalist parted. Juanita turned the donkey head in the oposite direction; led it and its burdens silently through the en hesitated a moment as the forest we entered, and then, swiftly returning Matagas and Tomasa, who had content ly resumed their labors, kissed both in sively with the parting words, "Do cent if it be late when I return" sprang again to the donkey's hear

and with her companion set forth us

their way. But Jose was missed among the carboneros in their work that day. Early is the afternoon he came bounding like some flerce animal into camp, and sought Ma-tagas' side. But a word or two was spok en, when Matagas and Jose swiftly disappeared. Never was such speed made Cuban foresters in shadowy forests through echoing canons, across sun-baked llanos and through almost impenetrable jungles, as by these. Just as the sun was dipping behind the western mountains and flooding the valley of Guines with waves of saffron and of gold, they camto the top of the bills along its splendle southern wall. Standing there like a Nem

What he really saw was a donkey now laden with panniers and the figure of a woman, while a sprightly old man walked beside them, his right arm resting across the donkey's back and lovingly encircling the form of the one who rode. Matagas' face grew dark and darker for

and sternly at two specks trailing along

eath the walls of the antient city of

the far, white valley road, almost

Then it softened in the mellow a little. Then it sortened in the inclose sunset glow. Soon his lips parted, first with a smile and then in speech, as though he were thinking aloud.

"No, no, Jose! So 1 once robbed To-

masa's father of my wife. Let them go-bugs, bats, birds, and all: even if Don Ednardo has taken to his Havana collections the finest specimens in Cuba."
"Felix viage, felix viage!—Don Eduardo and Juanita! Dies le a compane!" shouted Matagas deafeningly but cheerily with-

al. And without another word the out-law stoic turned his kindly face toward Tomasa and his mountain hut.

Charlotte Maria Tucker, the author so well known by the initials A. L. O. E., died recently in her East Indian home Under these letters she sought to conceaher personal identity, when first coming before the public as a writer, through the modesty that was constitutional with her, but the signature also betrayed another characteristic, viz: love of country, for, it was as a lady of England that she delighted to work. But it was in vain that Miss Tucker endeavored to remain unknown, for, her books, written mainly with a view to please and instruct youth specific became so popular that few are the cultivated people in either England or America, to say nothing of India, who are not familiar with them and their author. Miss Tucker belongs to that henorable English family which constitutes the Bermuda Islands. Thence prising young members early emigrated to the United States, where they and their descendants have ever held a high posiboth as regards intellectual and

Miss Tucker died at her post of duty. an honorary missionary at Batala, in the Puryab, India, for the word "honorary" Puryab, India, for the word, "nonorary in this connection, signifies self-austaining. She not only paid her own expenses, but devoted every penny of income derived from her unceasing literary labors, to benevolent and christian enterprises. It seems but right and natural that she should be laid to rest beside her marryed brother agrees and whom she true. brother, among a people whom she thus loved, and to whom she had so generously devoted the last eighteen years of her life. She was undoubtedly one of the most re markable women of this remarkable age. Her endowments were rare.

Her endowments were rare.

With equal skill she wrote prose and verse; her intellect was clear and vigorous, good sense and sound judgment keeping within proper bounds the play of a lively imagination. Her industry was unflagging, so that even under the ener-vating influences of India's hot climate she produced a new book every year, headles teaching with regularity variou classes of hair-grown boys, and visiting difigently the poor women of the crowd-

ed Zenanas.

Her correspondence was very large, and punctually attended to, until death stilled her busy hand.

The circumstances under which she de-

The circumstances under which she devoted herself to benevolent labor for the East Indian people, prove the loftiness of her soul and the genuineness of her adherence to that faith which teaches us "to do good to those that hate us, and pray for them that despitefully use and prayers."

one of the directors of the East Indian Company, had seven sons, the majority of whom entered the government service in whom entered the government service in India. One of these, Robert Tucker, judge of Tutteypoor, was, like his sister, a Christian burning with such zeal for the conversion of Asia to Christ that he gave \$200 of his salary, every month, to effect that end. In the dreadful Sepoy rebellion of 1857 he was the only Englishman, who remained at his post in Tutteypoor, and it is said that he was literally poor, and it is said that he was literally cut pieces by a raging mob, maddened into forgetfulness of a benefactor by the hated sight of an English officer.

Two other brothers also fell victims to the horrors of that period. And yet it was after this tragedy and partiy in con-sequence of it that she renounced her be-loved home and friends in Ergland, to live among the very heathen from whose cruelty she had suffered so severely. Her abode was humble and she lived in the most abstemious manner. Miss Tucker's generosity was unbounded and her friends had to watch her, lest she strip herself of necessaries even to bestow upon her needy neighbors. So truly did she prefer the comfort and happiness of others to her own, that to her giving was a luxury, self-denial a pleasure. As was natural she was reverenced and beloved to an exceptional degree by the whole community in which she lived, but especially by her pupils, while even in our distant country many a heart aches at the void which her departure creates. How we shall miss her bright and genial letters, we shall miss her bright and genial letters, her quick sympathy and warm appre-ciation of the slightest service rendered herself, much more her school. Then how we shall miss the new book from her pen. that came annually, so marveious in the evidences that it gave of the sympathy of above all instinct with that heartfeit con-cern for the welfare of the whole human race, that can only come from one whose soul is in full harmony with the Divine Spirit, whose essence is contained in the

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

GATBERED FROM THE RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL PRESS.

Words of Wladom on Religious and Mora Subjects Which Are Worthy Attention From the Thoughtful.

The Message of the New Year,

I asked the New Year for some messag Some rule of life with which to guide my I naked and paused; he answered soft and

God's will to know."

Will knowledge then suffice, New Year? 1 cried; And ere the question into silence died,

The answer came, "Nay, but remember, God's will to do."

Once more I asked, "Is there no more to And ence again the answer sweetly fell: this one thing, all other things

God's will to love."

atove.

A CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST. The Earl of Shaftesbury's Advocacy of the

Holy Sabbath, The Earl of Shaftesbury, during all his parliamentary life, was the constant advocate of the Holy Sabbath. Great as were his political and ancestrat honors, the

nobility of his character in this particular will insure him enduring lame. More than fifty years ago he wrote as follows: The recent Sabbath report tends to conirm the encouraging opinion that in every measure of real reform, when it is once airly undertaken, the strength of the orangenty will go with it. Whatever is ttempted in the fear of God and in the trempled in the lear of God and Al cover of our fellow creatures will have the ceart of man with it." In defense of the Sabbath he was ever on the alert. Any acconciment upon its scancity was sure to bring him to the front, and any effort peration and support. His powerful in nce was exerted in Parliament toward lesing the English postal service. For ore than forty years he kept up an unasing warfare, sometimes to procure re clence and intelligence of the nation and especially of the working classes to assisted even at the close of his public ile in organizing measures to resist breatened aggressions. "Your political iberties," he said on one occasion to th Association, "are more secure under th harter of the Sabbath than they can be inder all the charters which were given by any of our kings." In all this be taught the world an important lesson namely, that whatever is undertaket hristian truth and be carried forward in

Chistian spirit. His description of a Sabbath in Paris, written in 1855, furnishes a suggestive les

"The stir in Paris on the Lord's day, he wrote, "is like the breaking up of a mill dam. It is a rush, a torrent that carries all before it. One's head whirls with the flow of vehicles and the unnecessary masses of human life that make the street ses of human his that make the streets and walks almost groan with the weight. The people seem to delight in the impos-sibility of moving backward and forward without jostling one another. But so far from being enlivening, the speciacle is to my mind, actually depressing. It is terrible and alarming to see so national a desecration of the Lord's-Day. Whether i be disbelief or disobedience the result is distressing and weighs one down with the reflection that the millions are set in ope on giving the victory to the flesh over th spirit, to time over eternity, to the god of this world over the God of the other. Car we wonder at the sixty years of revolu tion this country has undergone? vet there are many in England, comfrom ignorance, some from malignity, wh would reduce us, or, as they say, would elevate us to a Parisian level." These are years since this noble hero, victorious many a moral struggle, passed away from many a moral struggle, passed away from earth. His philanthropic work speaks to no people more loudly than to the mul-titudes that throng these western shores. We need more Christian statesmen like Lord Shaftesbury, of a thoroughly un-selfish and practical type. We must have civil leaders who, like him, can compre-hend the need of the weekly rest-day to the well-being of society, and who are al-so impressed with its divine sanctity. Un-less God is pleased to bring forth such standard-bearers speedily we can only regard the future of the American com-monwealth with deepest anxiety. Selfish statecraft, in many instances, rules the hour. The desire for political preferment blunts the moral sense. The corruption of morals keeps pace with the non-enforce ment of just Sabbath laws. We can only recover the nation from the imminen

"The Diadem of Nature."

It is a fact not to be dealed that man is made, the creation of God. Now ob-serve what this admission means. When God created the heavens and the earth (I reproduce the striking thought of a bril-liant Englishman*). "He allowed a work to take form and substance apart from Himzelf. He suffered His Almighty powel to go forth out of its holy and hidden abode in Himself and to become active abode in Himself and to become active and strong and substantial in the estab-lishment of a life which, however, pro-ceeding out of God, was yet other than God's own, distinct from Him, 4 thing to be looked at apart from God. This creat-God's own, distinct from Him, a thing to be looked at apart from God. This created universe was not dead matter. Nor was it a blind mechanism, cold and lifeless. It was made, and continues to be, a thing of life, pulsating in every part with energy. It is an organism teeming with life-life in the moving air, and flying light and ever rolling sea; life breaking upwards in bud and blossom and flower; life straining and out-pouring itself into the swarming growth of the great horde of the animal creation; life gathering together its mighty energies into the self-directed activities of the splendid freedom of man, nature's crown. Its representative, the summary (as Aquinas has it) of all created things." For man is indeed the diadem of nature, since in him is exhibited before God a life most nearly like His own, seeing it is self-directed, substantial, and real. Yes, the life of man is his own, and himself the highest moment of creation. Yet man is but a part of nature, and, like every created thing, he depends for all his life upon the sustaining will of God. Like the veriest atom of blind matter, when God turneth away his face, man dies, and returns again to his dust. This is the peculiar charm of nature, this fits man to play his part in the universe of God. As the whole creation rolls ever before God, He joys in part in the universe of God. As the whole part in the universe of God. As the whole creation rolls ever before God, He joys in it, pronounces it very good, because he sees in it Himself; it is His own life which animates it, even as it moves along with its own free gladness.

"Rejoice Evermore."

-A baby of three years once preached me a sermon, and I pass it on for the benefit of other downcast and despondent ones who need to learn to "Rejoice evermore."

"How is the baby?" I asked drearily, standing at the foot of the staircase leading up to a chamber where the little one lay ill. I was tired, unhopeful; my mood came out in my tone.

""Peak like you do when you laugh," called the weak little voice upstairs; and if I ever felt rebuked by an angel, that was the moment. The words have come to me a hundred times since. I hope I am the brighter and the cheerier for them.

"Speak like you do when you laugh." That means sparkle with gladness and sood-will. Those fretful lines jat the meuth-corners don't come from laughing.

The weary ones around the eyes have another origin. But the plainest outward sign of despondency is that in the tone. The sick feel it, that is why "visitors are forbidden." Little children are infailible weather prophets; they will not "take to"
you. And you and 1-neither sick nor
young nor old, but busy and often tired
-we love-yes, that is the word-we love
the bright, loving, laughing, happy voice.
"Speak like you do when you laugh,"

The Wonder of it,

The Wonder of it.

Love cannot be analyzed. Love is the integral attribute of God's being. It cannot be dissected to find its nature thus. John said "God is love." The wonderful thing about it is "not that we loved God, but he loved us and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." And Christ's love is co-ordinate, co-extensive and coincident with God's love, and is thus equally wonderful. "As my Father hath loved me, so have I loved you."

It is marvelous that he who is the Lord of righteousness, and came to establish his kingdom of righteousness, should be the friend of sinners, that he should make up his kingdom of those who were sinneds. The love that could break over all the obstacles that sin raised against it is a wonderful love.

wonderfulness is not only in the sacrifice which it made to save the sinner from his sin, and make him the subject of itself as a child of God; it is in the love itself as it moved the heart of God at the itself as it moved the heat of the heat of the high that t orable saying "God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son, that who-soever believeth on him should not periah. but have evertasting life." Our redemption is referable to the love of God, as he purposed in eternity to save, purify and glority sinners through the death and mediation of Christ.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

Ragarding News In the Churches At Large.

Norfolk, recently made vacant by the re-signation of Rev. W. L. Gravatt, and has accepted the same.

Pere Hyacinthe is giving a series of Advent Lectures under the auspices of the "Societe Francaise d'Evanglisation," on Sunday afternoons in the Protestant chap-el in the Rue Taitbout. The subjects announced are: (1) The church outside the churches; (2) The Congress of Religions at Chicago; (3) The Kingdom of God upon the Earth; (f) The Kingdom of God in Heaven. The attendance is very good. The Right Rev. Robert Samuel Gregg,

D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Cork, church of Ireland (Protestant), has been Robert Knox, who died on October Eth.

A great Nonconformist Unionist demonstration was recently held at Hull, England, the first of its kind held in that city. Four thousand persons were pres-cut. Dr. Rentoul, M. P., was the chief speaker. The sole qualification for memism. They wanted to show thousands of Nonconformists would not desert their Irish co-religionists. Dr. Rentoul was en thusiastically received. He showed how Ireland now suffered nothing which Home Rule could remedy. Mr. Jadstone, he said, is a pronounced High Churchman and as such must hate Dissent. Every man of you was against Home Rule till one High Churchman told you it was All Irish Nonconformists tell you Home Rule is ruinous.

Of all the political princes and poten tates on the globe, none equal Emperor Wilhelm II., of Germany, in confessing their implicit faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of the living God. One year ago, the rededication of the famous Luther church, of Wittenberg, and in the pres-ence of a brilliant assembly of representative men from the State and church from all Protestant lands, he freely and frankly expressed his belief in the doctrine of the divinity of Christ. all the more significant as just at that time the controversy on the Apostles' Creed and especially on the words "Concived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary" had reached fever heat in Evangelical Germany. Recently, at the corner-stone laying of the new Evangelical church in Jerusalem, the comtion of a project which had been begun by Wilhelm I. and Frederick III., the grandfather and father of the present Emperor, and which is really a national enterprise of Protestant Germany, the Emperor Wilhelm again in the most emphatic terms, and in that hearty amphatic terms, and on the context of t heart-warming way so characteristic his atterances, proclaimed anew his ad hezence to the fundamentals of old-fush-loned positive Christianity. In the officia royal document which was deposited in the stone, the history of this church project is narrated, and the Emperor con-'May this church be a memorial of faith

in the Son of God who became man, and who was crucified and arose again, and is our Saviour; may it be a confession of the saving truth of the Gospel of the the saving truth of the Gospel of the grace of God, as this glorious doctrine was restored again to Christianity through the labors of the Reformers; may it be a visible sign and token of the unity of the Evangelical churches here in Germany and beyond its boundaries. I give thanks to God the Lord, that he has enabled me to realize in this year the enabled me to realize in this way the project of my fathers. To him do I pray that at this place from which the glad and petition that he would give grace, and petition that he would have tidings of the great joy of salvation first went forth, the pure Gospel may also be preached at all times, and that at this place, where the Lord suffered for use the company tongues as He be praised also by German tongues as the everlasting Saviour and Redeemer to all eternity. God grant this. Amen!"

During the prevalence recently of a thunderstorm in the neighborhood of Seis, in the Tyrol, lightning struck a heap of old wood which was piled on a rock, splitting the latter and setting fire to the former. When the flames had been extinguished it was noticed that a stream of water flowed from amidst the rubbish. Further examination showed that the Further examination showed that the stream proceeded from the lightning-created cleft in the rock, and chemical analysis demonstrated that the water was impregnated with iron and magnetium in the form of sulphates. sium, in the form of sulphates.

Mulhall estimates that the land in the United States is worth \$12,500,000,000; the cattle, \$5,500,600,000; the houses,\$11,200,000,000; the furniture, etc., \$7,200,000,000; the railroads, \$10,000,000,000; the shipping, \$300. 300; the total wealth per inhabitant, \$1,050.

The flavor of eggs depends very much on the kind of food given to the poultry. on the kind of food given to the poultry. When hens are fed largely or almost exclusively on milk the yolk is lighter in color, the white has a milky look, and the whole egg is watery and less firm in texture than those laid by the grain-fed liens.

Professor Hazen, of the W bureau, expresses the opinion that all the concursion experiments to produce rain have been failures, and that those conducted in Connecticut last summer seem to prolong the drought in that section, while there was plenty of rain in all the region roundabout.

The first cent coined by the United States mint appeared in 1792. It bore the head of Washington on one side and thirteen links on the other.

About a year ago I took a violent at About a year ago I took a violent attack of la grippe. I coughed day and night for about six weeks: my wife then suggested that I try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. At first I could see no difference, but still kept taking it, and soon found that it was what I needed. If I got no relief from one dose I took another, and it was only a few days until I was free from the cough. I think people in general ought to know the value of this remedy, and I take pleasure in ackrowledging the benefit I have received from it.—Madison Mustard, Otway, Ohio. 25 and 3-cent bottles for sale by Owens & Minor Drug Co., P. M. Slaughter, E. P. Reeve & Co., and H. G. Forstmann, druggista.

Your Uncle



of the oyster convention recently held delicate and palatable blyalve. There were

so scarce. Tender maiden years, with fancy caps and dainty aprons skipped about the apartment drumming oysters at twenty-five cents per plats. The shell-fish, however, unlike some cit Grace church. New York, has received a call to the rectorship of St. Peter's church. Norfolk, recently made received here. ens of political inclinations, has a

The oyster is a strange individual, leads a life of seclusion until the to man drags him from his hermitage. it is going to rain, offspring of the crab mother his shell again for some pose, the crab, who has quite a youngster, refuses exit, and the bivalve has to task of supporting the intruder one consolation, however; "Mis-company," and when the shot comes a stew, the crab will share his

These points were not brought out to the oyster convention, so, after listening with great interest to the speeches of distinguished representatives mouth watered for a dozen on the half-shell, so I hied myself to a cafe, and jotted down an additional thought or two while indulging in the practical side of the great question.

The practice of street begging has assummed an atarming phase within the last few months. Why, a fellow tarely walks half a dezen squares in certain portions of the city without encountering from two to five of these individuals who 'haven't had a square meal for at least a week," according to their versions, many of them have a stereotyped phrase which they employ half a dozen times an

Usually the younger members of the profession have a sick mother, no father, and have tried in vain to get work. If they should be one half so energetic in seeking employment as they are trying to fake "chicken-hearted" citizens, they might change their mode of livelihood in a

The pitiful stories that some of these beggars relate are ridiculous in the ex-treme. For some unaccountable reason of them recently got into his head of \$5.55 per week, actually had 16 cents to spare. I couldn't help thinking that his imagination was glowing enough to roast peanuts. However, he addressed magnitude that he can be that he can be seen to be se me with the plea that his mother was sick

item of food for five days.
"A veritable Dr. Tanner," said I to myself, as a well-known newspaper man

'Kind friend," began the fakir, "won't you assist me to-"
"You blame fcolf" said the scribe, "I'm
working this side the street; you get on

the other side." "Between you and me, the profession has increased its limits to an alarmina degree when journalists upandon the quill, and adopt this means of improving

their financial conditions. It has been frequently stated that Richmond audiences do not appreciate high order of music. To anyone who will consider the facts in this case, this is a erroneous view. So far as my observation goes I should say that Richmond people as a general rule in their appreciation of music are considerably above the average. Of course you will find people in this city, as everywhere else, who never fall to attend musicales when artistic programmes have been arranged, when there have a can barrely draw a disthese hearers can barely draw a distinction between "After the Ball," and some of Chopin's choicest nocturnes, or Beethoven's richest sonatas, while many of them rather prefer the former hackneved selection, but this class of indivineyed selection, but this class of materials and a male simply attend the best musicales for the privilege of being "in the swim" from a social standpoint, so to speak. The majority of really inusic-loving people in Richmond have a keen appreciation of the highest class of music. When Remendants of the highest class of music. When Remen-yl, Listermann, and other musicians of high repute were at the Mozart Academy, the silence that prevailed during the per-formance was a clear evidence of the audience's appreciation, while few left the place between the numbers. Encores were frequent and protounced, until the per-formance was prolonged until nearly II o'clock.

There is, perhaps, no city in the Union

There is, perhaps, no city in the Union with so substantial and well patronized a musical organization of similar charac-ter as the Mozart Association. This speaks volumns for Richmond peoples' appreciation of music, known as "classic," which, after all, is the only real music, suggesting as it does desire, love, cestacy, misery, anguish, abandon, and a world of tashions springing from the human heart. and combining all those rich, sounds harmonies that lift the heaver for the harmonies that lift the heaver for the time, from the ordinary routine of life. Of this class of music Blehmond anglemen as a rule are far more appreciative than are usually to be found in cities of similar YOUR UNCLE PULLER

WIFT'S SPECIFIC . . For renovating the entire system, climmating all Poisons from the Blood, whether of scrofilous of malarial origin, this preparation has no equal.

eating sore on my tongue. I was treated by best local physicians, at obtained no relief; the sore gradually grew rorse. I finally took S. S. S., and was entirely used after a local control of the sore of the so

orse. I finally took
ured after using a few bottles.
C. B. McLEMORE, Henderson, Tex-Treatise on Blood and Skin Dis-THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,

